

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 662.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D. illustrative of various Particulars in his Life hitherto unknown, with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, &c. Edited from the original MSS. by his Great-Grandson, J. Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1829. Col. burn and Co.

We know not when, if ever, we have perused two volumes of the description of these now before us, with more intense curiosity, amusement, and instruction: curiosity, in following the "amours" (to use his own word, and in no improper sense,) of a young and warm nonconformist clergyman; amusement, in witnessing the various scrapes into which his devotion to the fair sex brought the worthy preacher; and instruction, in studying his philosophical views of human nature, his frankness, his general love of his kind, and his mild and liberal religious tenets. The picture of such a man drawn by his own hand, in his letters on every occasion which could call forth his sentiments, opinions, and actions, is to us worth a thousand such lives as Job Orton, or even Dr. Kippis, could write; and we have been accordingly entertained and delighted with these octavos though of the length of 1000 honest pages.

Embracing so many interesting topics, the largest of our contemporary Reviews will be unable to afford any thing like a competent idea of their matter and variety; and they must, probably, as we in our more limited space are compelled to do, address themselves separately to such portions as are best suited to their several characters. Theology, the education of dissenting ministers, family biography, ecclesiastical affairs, criticism, &c. &c. we therefore leave to those to whom they are important, and trust we shall better consult the tastes of our numerous and miscellaneous friends if we take up the hitherto unknown particulars in the life of the celebrated author of the "Family Expositor" which are here unfolded, and exhibit the private traits of this justly popular and estimable person. It may be true that the medley will seem an odd one; for the mixture of the amorous and of the pious, of the flesh and of the spirit, of the natural and of the religious, of the earthly and of the heavenly, is indeed as native and candid a piece of *exposition* as can well be imagined. For it, his grandson thinks necessary to offer many apologetical passages,* which, however, we cannot consider to

* For example: "The gaiety of expression in certain letters, I have indeed been told may with some persons be a source of offence; and should it prove so, I can only say that I wish them warmer hearts and sounder heads."

It should also be remembered, that from family connexion and the advantages of education, having mixed in good society and become familiar with polite literature, there is nothing remarkable in the fact, that the pharisaical exhibition of solemn austerity with which the ignorant zealot and crafty professor overbear the unthinking and disgust the judicious, was in his estimation no proof of piety or object of imitation. He evidently considered a moderate enjoyment of the luxuriant products of nature and of art not only as innocent, but commendable, and therefore viewed the feelings and habits of polished life as in no way incongenial with the virtues of the Christian.

have been called for by the occasion. Dr. Doddridge was, in truth, a good man, with as few of the infirmities of humanity as often fall to the lot of his kind. He was in most respects a fine character, whether we regard his conduct to his fellow-creatures, or his duties to God: he was amiable, learned, affectionate, enlightened, feeling, pious, just, and merciful, untainted by pharisaical pretence, and sincerely religious without dogmatism or cant. The world to this Dissenter was a world of innocent recreation and lawful pleasure; he thought it no crime to enjoy the good things with which its Maker had stored it; and he was neither guilty of the sourness of ascetic folly, nor of the worse guilt of that too common hypocrisy so prevalent in his as well as in our times, which cloaks its pride under counterfeit sanctity, and covers its hidden indulgences under gloomy externals and rigid austere.

We will not meddle with the editor's preface, further than to notice that he declares his purpose to be to make his ancestor "better known as a man," by presenting a minute and faithful history of his public and private life;—that he is strongly opposed to the Evangelical party of our church, and asserts that the Non-conformist clergy alone can uphold the pure Christian faith against their encroachments, and at the same time against those now opened to the Roman Catholics.

Philip Doddridge was descended of an ancient family; and one of a numerous progeny,—as of twenty, only he and a sister were left orphans. He was born in 1702, and in his boyhood lost all his paternal property; so that, after several plans were proposed, he was finally educated at St. Alban's and Kibworth, as a minister of the sect to which his relations belonged. But we pass to his riper years, and, as we have promised, to his first affairs of the heart. In 1722 he thus writes on a delicate subject to Mrs. (i.e. Miss) Rebecca Roberts; and the following extracts are curious specimens of the epistolary style and conversation of the period, so familiar, indeed, to every reader of that Augustan age of our literature, and shewn as completely in the young dissenting divine, as in Pope, or Swift, or gayer folks. The first is dated April 17th, 1722.

A knowledge of these circumstances being premised, those passages in his correspondence where a playful air of gallantry is assumed, will not be misunderstood; and those where a more tender sentiment prevails will not be perverted, for such passages occur. If, indeed, a cold philological inquiry into the general character of female society be deemed a proof of exalted intellect, or an empathy to the blissful emotions of reciprocal affection, and the softer impressions of the senses, be deemed a proof of sanctity, Dr. Doddridge had no claim to either! nor was it a claim which he was ambitious to secure. To place virtue beyond the pale of humanity, and attempt to stifle in their birth the finer emotions of the heart, because in excess they grow pernicious, is little wiser than to tear away the vine that embowers our dwelling with a canopy of grateful fruit and soothing shade, because the wholesome grapes in another form may intoxicate and destroy.

Were we inclined to preach on these texts, we should perhaps be inclined to go further, and to maintain that the individual destitute of ardour in the natural passions is incapable of experiencing the highest attributes of religious feelings: that a heart dry and hard towards man can never be finely expanded towards God.

"Your rules of behaviour are certainly very judicious; but the business of kissing wants a little further explanation. You tell me the ladies have resigned their claim to formal kisses at the beginning and end of visits. But I suppose they still allow of *extemporary* kissing, which you know a man may be led into by a thousand circumstances which he does not foresee. I cannot persuade myself that this pretty amusement is entirely banished out of the polite world, because, as the apostle says in another case, even nature itself teaches it. I would not for the world be so unmannerly as to ask my aunt whether she has not been kissed within this fortnight; but I hope I may rely on her advice, and that she will not deceive me in a matter of such vast importance. For my own part, I can safely say, I look upon this, as well as the other enjoyments of life, with a becoming moderation and indifference. Perhaps, madam, I could give you such instances of my abstinence as would make your hair stand on end! I will assure you, aunt, which is a most amazing thing, I have not kissed a woman since Monday, July 10th, 1721, about twelve o'clock at night; and yet I have had strong temptations both from within and from without. I have just been drinking tea with a very pretty lady, who is about my own age. Her temper and conversation are perfectly agreeable to mine, and we have had her in the house about five weeks. My own conscience upbraids me with a neglect of a thousand precious opportunities that may never return. But then I consider that it may be a prejudice to my future usefulness, and help me into further irregularities, (not to say that she has never discovered any inclination of that nature), and so I refrain. But tomorrow I am to wait upon her to a village about a mile and a half from Kibworth, and I am sensible it will be a trying time. However, I shall endeavour to fortify my mind against the temptations of the way, by a very careful perusal of your letter, and my mamma's of the 31st October."

We should note, that the phrases "aunt" and "mamma" imply no relationship, but are pet terms for female acquaintances; and that the very pretty lady here mentioned was Miss Catherine Freeman,—Doddridge's "amour" with whom figures singularly in these pages. But we proceed with the chapter on kissing.

"I wish, madam, I could fix the day when I am first to wait on you, that you might take care to be undressed to receive me. You know it is my misfortune to be extremely out of countenance at the sight of a fine suit of clothes, especially when an agreeable lady appears in them. I am sensible this is a weakness that every minister of the gospel ought to endeavour to conquer, if he expects his labours should meet with any success, and accordingly I have been using the means. The lady whom I mentioned above is very decent all the week, but, according to our country fashion, dresses best on a Sunday; and so I spend an hour every Sunday morning in looking upon a sort

of habit which they call a brocade, which she generally wears on that day. But I have still some dreadful apprehensions of seeing you dressed, and I hope you will mercifully provide against them. I am charmed with the thoughts of spending another day with my cousin Robson; but then you tell me I must furnish myself with something to make my company agreeable. Alas! madam, you quite mistake my abilities. My modesty and other imperfections instruct me to be on the obscure side; and at best you know there is very little gallantry to be expected from a scholar. I have not had an opportunity of making many observations upon the female world; but I am ready to imagine, from the little I have seen, that a man may have read all Aristotle's works, except his masterpiece, and all Plato's, but his pun upon kissing, and yet not be at all fit to entertain a roomful of ladies. However, there is a book called the Lady's Cabinet Opened, and another Callipedia, which it seems they are extremely fond of; and I design to set apart a whole week before the vacation for the perusal of them. But I am afraid they will not carry me completely through."

Next month the interesting theme is renewed in another letter.

"I am extremely concerned for the persecution you suffered from your twenty-four admirers, for I think that was the sum total. I concluded that the merry confessor was my friend and brother Mr. Mead; but I cannot imagine whom you mean by wise Sam! I am sure it cannot be Mr. Clark of St. Albans, for all his appetites to kissing are mortified, and he never goes about it but with fear and trembling. I suppose, however, that it was some reverend Sir, and if it were, I am sorry that you beat him. I thought our cloth had always protected us, and that we had never occasion to exercise our carnal weapon. I hope, for the sake of my dear brethren, that all the ladies have not this Amazonian turn. For my own part, I am not much concerned, for I have almost forgotten what kissing is. However, since I know it would be too great a presumption to use so much familiarity with my aunt, I must beg my cousin Robson to inform me whether the eyes or the lips are made use of upon that occasion. I remember that formerly I had a gift that way, and, perhaps, with a little labour, might be able to recover it, especially under so good a mistress. And I am the more inclined to attempt it, because you know Solomon tells us that there is a time to kiss, Eccles. iii. 5. Our translators by a mistake render it to embrace; but the original Hebrew word properly signifies to kiss. However, if the ladies are very much bigoted to their English Bible, we young scholars must yield ourselves to their argument and their phrase."

At this period he preached his first sermon, and seems fond of the annexed anecdote connected with it, for he repeats it in three different letters to different persons.

"There was (he tells his sister) one good old woman that was a little offended to see such a lad get up into the pulpit; but I had the good fortune to please her so well, that as soon as I had done, she told Mrs. Jennings that she could lay me in her bosom. They tell me this may be the foundation of an amour; but I have so much respect for my unknown girl, that I do not intend to prosecute it any further."

To a lady for whom he seems to have entertained not quite a fraternal feeling, he relates

the joke thus:—"The old women treated me very graciously; and one of them, that was a little offended to see such a lad go up into the pulpit, was pleased to declare, when I came down, that she could have laid me in her bosom. Our young gentlemen tell me that this might be a good foundation to begin an amour; but I think I have heard you say that you do not like a married man so well as a bachelor, and so I will let my ancient admirer rest in peace. If you have a curiosity to see my text, you may take your Bible and turn to 1 Cor. xvi. 22."

And to a third fair dame it is thus recorded:—"I am particularly obliged to one old woman, who when she saw me go up into the pulpit, was a little tempted to despise my youth; but, when I was come down, said she could have laid me in her bosom. I wish, for the jest, it had been Hannah Robson—but that, madam, you are to keep to yourself. As I shall be obliged to preach at Leicester once a-month, the preparing my sermons will be sure to take up some of the time that I used to devote to the service of my female idea. However, it may possibly turn to as good account in this way; and, that my dear unknown may not have any temptation to take it unkindly, I can assure her, that, after the gravest speculations, I shall still retain so much tenderness in my temper, that she may enchant me whenever she pleases. In the mean time, while I have my reason and my senses undisturbed, I shall always continue, &c."

It has been said that Queen Elizabeth desired to see Falstaff in love; and though commanded by so potent a monarch, and performed by so immortal a poet, we are not sure that there is any thing in the fat knight's sordid passion to be compared with the genuine ardentness of the Reverend Doctor Doddridge, as painted by his own hand. His first confiding of his passion for Miss Freeman to Mrs. Roberts ("aunt," as previously explained) is a curious example. After whispering that he has a most important secret to disclose, he proceeds—

"If I were even at Bethnal Green, I should be half an hour before I could bring it out; and at last, I should perhaps be so much embarrassed, that it is a thousand to one you would not understand me; but being all alone in my study, and almost a hundred miles off, I can give it utterance in three words. In short, madam, I—am—in—love,—and that is all. And, you will say, enough too. And yet, upon second thoughts, that is not all neither; for I am most violently in love with a charming girl that lives in the neighbourhood of Leicester, about seventeen years of age, and, to borrow an Arabian phrase, as beautiful as the moon in her fulness. * * * I have frequently told you that I have a heart exactly prepared to receive the fondest and tenderest impressions. But Clarinda has charms that would awaken the most stupid, and subdue the most obdurate. Clarinda is the darling of the old, and the joy of the young; the idol of our sex, and the envy of her own. You see my style begins to grow exalted, and my sentiments rapturous. But, *en vérité*, she is such a girl that language cannot paint. And now, madam, do you judge what work such a *dreadful* lovely creature must create in the soft, sensitive breast of your dutiful nephew. Reason and philosophy yielded at her first appearance; and when they afterwards rallied their forces, it was only that they might receive a more signal defeat. I own, madam, that your letters have done me considerable service; for

who can resist the force of reason and the charms of wit when communicated with so much freedom and good nature? but, as soon as those dear papers are laid aside, I forget every thing but Clarinda. I dream of her in the night, and rave of her in the day. If my tutor asks me a question about predestination, I answer him that Clarinda is the prettiest creature in the world! Or if I sit down to make a sermon against transubstantiation, I cannot forbear cautioning my hearers against the excesses of love. Now and then, after a long course of abstinence and mortification, I get a lucid interval for a few moments; but if I touch a romance or a play, drink a glass of wine, or take a cup of chocolate, I presently relapse. I am at this time tolerably serene, and therefore I earnestly entreat you to tell me what I must do. Recollect I have a wonderful opinion of your skill, or I should not put myself into your hands; but I beg that you will use me with a great deal of tenderness, or I shall certainly be killed outright. I do not inquire how I may gain my mistress, which, perhaps, might be very possible—but how I may conquer this impetuous, ungovernable passion. It will certainly be a hard task, but I see that it is a very necessary one; for, in the first place, I have not the least thought of marrying till near thirty, unless I have a very clear and undeniable *call*, which, I think, will not be these ten years. And a more important consideration remains to be told: this dear, charming Clarinda, with all her wit, beauty, and tenderness, good breeding and piety, is—I am sorry to say it, but *she is*—the daughter of a dissenting minister, that has half-a-dozen children more to provide for! O aunt! why have not I five hundred a-year, that I might marry a girl of a small fortune, without ruining both her and myself?"*

To another lady he writes—and it certainly is not easy to construe it figuratively:

"What have I done to displease the dearest, best mamma in the world, that I have not heard from her in so many ages? It is impossible to express my uneasiness at her silence. I answered her last almost a quarter of a year ago, and yet I have not so much as heard whether she be alive or dead. If the infirmities of *old age*, which you talked of, have taken away the use of your limbs, surely, madam, you might have prevailed upon my aunt to have informed me of your misfortune, and I would not have failed to have sent you a most dutiful letter of condolence; but alas! my aunt is as unkind as my mother, and will not favour me with her advice, though I desired it with so much importunity; and although the circumstances of my case were so worthy of compassion. Will you drive me into the arms of Clarinda, to bury my sorrows in her beautiful bosom, and to search in that charming friend for all that I enjoyed and have lost in you? If you have any remaining affection for a dutiful son—nay, but common humanity and good nature, let me entreat you to write to me before you go to sleep: till then I remain, in the midst of ten thousand anxieties," &c.

In the next letter he says, playfully enough (and as it happens, by this publication, practically), "the historian who writes my life, in the fourth chapter of it, which may contain my behaviour at the academy, will have such a passage as this:—*It is not to be wondered at, that, at the twentieth year of his age, Mr. Doddridge grew much more polite and agreeable than persons of his profession and circumstances gen-*

* Clarinda is one of the pen names for Miss Kitty Freeman; Theodosia, in after letters, is another.

rally are; for it was then that he received the instructions of Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Farington, which he found of great advantage to him in that part of his life.' The whole paragraph is too long to be transcribed; but I suppose posterity will find it about the 75th page of the octavo edition. * * * I told you in my last, that my heart was an uninhabited box. I am afraid the phrase may want a little explanation. Allow me then to inform you, that though I have not pitched upon any particular lady, yet I find it absolutely necessary to have some subject of amorous contemplation: and so my imagination has dressed up a very pretty piece of pageantry, which, in my scholastic language, I call the idea of —. It is true, some parts of it are a little confused, as a bachelor's conception of woman always must be; but yet, upon the whole, I am grown so fond of it, that I carry it to bed with me every night; and when I arise in the morning, it takes its place in my thoughts till some graver employment obliges it to retire. Now judge yourself, madam, how this impudent idea will behave herself when she comes to be locked up. You know the creature it represents is noisy enough, and extremely impatient under the mere appearance of restraint; so that if I have recourse to violent methods, you may depend upon it, she will be bouncing and rattling about in her confinement, and perhaps disturb me when I do not desire to have any thing to do with her. Especially when I seek repose, she will be very clamorous in her demands, and if I should chance not to have any other company, perhaps she may force me to open the door almost against my will; so that I fancy it may prove more than an imaginary Bella Maria: and therefore, Clio, I beg the favour of you to send me a little good advice on this head.'

Some eighteen months later, our loving hero seems to have sobered, if not cooled, a little, for he writes—"I acknowledge that I love her heartily, and have been applying to the grand business with a great deal of diligence, and I hope with some success. I have indeed no thoughts of marrying very soon, and whenever I come to take that master-work in hand, I hope I shall remember the important article of a provision for a family; for I have a mortal aversion to the cares of the world, and am fully convinced that it is impossible for the most agreeable woman it contains to preserve her beauty or good humour, if she has nothing to subsist upon but compliments and kisses."

Again: "I am confident that I am not mistaken in her, for I have known her several years. I have lived several months in the same house with her, and can seriously affirm that, after the most diligent inquiry, and the most curious observation, even in her unguarded moments, the more intimately I have known her, the more I have admired and loved her. Rational esteem and friendship has by gentle degrees improved into love, under the approbation of reason, and, if you will permit me to be grave for a moment, I hope I may add of religion too. In short, madam, when I am speaking of Theodosia, it is but a trifling to say that (in my judgment, and at a little distance) she is very pretty. But it is most undoubtedly certain that she is prudent, generous, good-natured, cheerful, genteel, and, above all, has been remarkably religious from her earliest years. I think she has a good genius for politeness. And though it has not met with great opportunities for improvement in the obscure village where she was brought up, yet I assure you she has made the best of the advantages she enjoyed." * * * I know there

is one question which you will be ready to ask me, and which is certainly of too great importance to be omitted, and that is, whether this butterfly's wings are spotted with gold; or in plainer terms, whether she has a good fortune? All that I can at present say to this sage interrogation is, that she has a great deal more than I can reasonably demand; that her good management will make a little go a great way; and that we are both persons of so much prudence and good sense as not to think of setting out for the East Indies without taking some provisions for the voyage."

And again: "I will content myself with telling you, in general, that I did not discover her to be wonderfully handsome till I had loved her about a month; and if I had not discovered it then I should not have been extremely concerned about it. I consider it of much greater importance that she is prudent, generous, cheerful, genteel, complaisant, and, above all, remarkably pious, and has been so from her very childhood. I am extremely charmed with the natural simplicity of her behaviour, in which I know none who excel her; indeed she is entirely free from that artifice and affectation, that has given me a feeling of disgust towards some of the finest women that I ever beheld. I wonder I did not mention her good nature before, for which she is so remarkable, that sometimes she is ready to carry it to an excess. Considering the family and neighbourhood in which she has been brought up, it is next to impossible that she should be mistress of a great deal of politeness; but she has naturally a very good genius; and as I conceive that I have her education in my own hands, I will not be wanting on my part to form her more completely, at least to my own fancy. I have endeavoured, sir, according to your kind and prudent directions, to act an open and honourable part with relation to the parents. They both of them very freely gave me their consent, and assured me that my only business lay with their daughter. As for the lady herself, I think she has not broken my rest above two nights, and then not for above two or three hours. Though she perfectly well understands the graceful decorum of her sex, yet she does not think it obliges her to assume either cruelty or dissimulation, and therefore does not scruple to acknowledge that she is touched with the tender stories I have sometimes told her; but rather takes a thousand opportunities of shewing that my addresses are not at all disagreeable. The principal remaining difficulty which I apprehend in the affair is from two rich uncles at London, on whom part of her fortune depends, and from whom in time she may expect something pretty considerable. They are both of them violent Tories, and I believe that a dissenting minister without an estate is the last thing in the world they would choose for their niece. However, they have often assured Mr. Freeman that they would acquiesce in any thing which he approved. As there is upon this account at least some uncertainty in the affair, I shall endeavour so to moderate my affection, as that I may be in no danger of breaking my heart, if upon the whole I should fail of success. The most formidable opposition that I meet with here in the country is from a large mastiff dog, who frequently posts himself in the lane that leads to Mr. Freeman's house. As I ride upon a horse that is little more than his own size, he has seized upon me twice with so much violence, as to carry off two large pieces of my greatcoat. I did not know but that some of my rivals might keep him in pay, for I have more than one in the neigh-

bouhood; and I was so terrified with the fury of his assaults, that my friends at Stretton were apprehensive that his interposition might break off the match; but, upon a further inquiry, I am inclined to believe that he is actuated purely by a zeal for the establishment, and that he would tear out my heart for being a schismatical teacher: and therefore, out of my concern for the dissenting interest, and abhorrence of a persecuting spirit, I shall sign a warrant for his execution, or at least close custody."

With all this prudence of passion, founded on long observation, and looking patiently so far forward, who could fancy that the fair lady should turn out a jilt, discard poor Philip, and each of them unite themselves to other partners for life? Such was the event; but it is really so amusing, that we trust we may allow ourselves another extraordinary *Gazette*, to finish the picture—for it is rather a novelty to see how serious people manage in these light gambols.

The Borderers; or, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Co.

We can conceive few periods better calculated to offer a promising field to the novelist than that which these pages illustrate—the mingling of wildest adventure with the most plodding industry—the severe spirit of the religion of the first American settlers—the feelings of household and home at variance with all the earlier associations of country—the magnificence of the scenery by which they were surrounded—their neighbourhood to that most picturesque and extraordinary of people we call savages;—these, surely, are materials for the novelist, and in Mr. Cooper's hands they have lost none of their interest: We shall not attempt to detail the narrative, but only say it is well worthy of the high reputation of its author. All the more serious scenes are worked up to the highest pitch of excitement: if any where we have to complain of aught like failure, it is in the lighter parts, and some of the minor details, which are, occasionally, spun out too much. But again the attention is aroused; and we only lament that our limits will allow short space for the justice we should wish to render. We endeavour to abridge the dramatic and powerfully written attack of the Indians on a small out-settlement; premising that the Indian youth alluded to has been made prisoner, and in some degree softened by the kindness with which he has been treated.

"Whoops and yells were incessantly ringing around the place, while the loud and often-repeated tones of a conch betrayed the artifice by which the savages had so often endeavoured, in the earlier part of the night, to lure the garrison out of the palisadoes. A few scattering shot, discharged with deliberation, and from every exposed point within the works, proclaimed both the coolness and the vigilance of the defendants. The little gun in the blockhouse was silent, for the Puritan knew too well its real power to lessen its reputation by a too frequent use. The weapon was therefore reserved for those moments of pressing danger that would be sure to arrive. On this spectacle Ruth gazed in fearful sadness. The long-sustained and sylvan security of her abode was violently destroyed, and in the place of a quiet, which had approached, as near as may be on earth, to that holy peace for which her spirit strove, she and all she most loved were suddenly confronted to the most frightful exhibition of human horrors. In such a moment, the feelings of a mother were likely to revive;

and ere time was given for reflection, aided by the light of the conflagration, the matron was moving swiftly through the intricate passages of the dwelling, in quest of those whom she had placed in the security of the chambers. 'Thou hast remembered to avoid looking on the fields, my children,' said the nearly breathless woman, as she entered the room. 'Be thankful, babes; hitherto the efforts of the savages have been vain, and we still remain masters of our habitations.' 'Why is the night so red? Come hither, mother; thou mayest look into the wood as if the sun were shining!' 'The heavens have fired our granaries, and what thou seest is the light of the flames. But happily they cannot put brand into the dwellings while thy father and the young men stand to their weapons. We must be grateful for this security, frail as it seemeth. Thou hast knelt, my Ruth, and hast remembered to think of thy father and brother in thy prayers?' 'I will do so again, mother,' whispered the child, bending to her knees, and wrapping her young features in the garments of the matron. 'Why hide thy countenance? One young and innocent as thou may lift thine eyes to Heaven with confidence.' 'Mother, I see the Indian, unless my face be hid. He looketh at me, I fear, with wish to do us harm.' 'Thou art not just to Miantonomoh, child,' answered Ruth, as she glanced her eye rapidly round to seek the boy, who had modestly withdrawn into a remote and shaded corner of the room. 'I left him with thee for a guardian, and not as one who would wish to injure. Now think of thy God, child,' imprinting a kiss on the cold, marble-like forehead of her daughter, 'and have reliance in his goodness. Miantonomoh, I again leave you with a charge to be their protector,' she added, quitting her daughter and advancing towards the youth. 'Mother!' shrieked the child, 'come to me, or I die!' Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quickness of instinct. A glance shewed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce, in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silken hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably devoted to destruction. 'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror, and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. 'Monster, strike me, but spare the child!' The eyes of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a fell certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this revolting scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm, the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation, which betrays the surprise of an Indian, broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the suspended girl was suffered again to touch the floor. The look and gesture with which the boy had interfered, expressed authority rather than resentment or horror. His air was calm, collected, and, as it appeared by the effect, imposing. 'Go,' he said, in the language of the fierce people from whom he had

spring; 'the warriors of the pale men are calling thee by name.' 'The snow is red with the blood of our young men,' the other fiercely answered; 'and not a scalp is at the belt of my people.' 'These are mine,' returned the boy, with dignity, sweeping his arm while speaking, in a manner to shew that he extended protection to all present. The warrior gazed about him grimly, and like one but half convinced. He had incurred a danger too fearful, in entering the stockade, to be easily diverted from his purpose. 'Listen!' he continued, after a short pause, during which the artillery of the Puritan had again belled in the uproar without. 'The thunder is with the Yengeese! Our young women will look another way, and call us Pequots, should there be no scalps on our pole.' For a single moment the countenance of the boy changed, and his resolution seemed to waver. The other, who watched his eyes with longing eagerness, again seized his victim by the hair, when Ruth shrieked in the accents of despair—'Boy! boy! if thou art not with us, God hath deserted us!' 'She is mine,' burst fiercely from the lips of the lad. 'Hear my words, Wom-pahwisset; the blood of my father is very warm within me.' The other paused, and the blow was once more suspended. The glaring eye-balls of the savage rested intently on the swelling form and stern countenance of the young hero, whose uplifted hand appeared to menace instant punishment, should he dare to disregard the mediation. The lips of the warrior severed, and the word 'Miantonomoh' was uttered, as softly as if it recalled a feeling of sorrow. Then, as a sudden burst of yell rose above the roar of the conflagration, the fierce Indian turned in his tracks, and abandoning the trembling, and nearly insensible, child, he bounded away like a hound loosened on a fresh scent of blood. 'Boy! boy!' murmured the mother; 'heathen or Christian, there is One that will bless thee!—'

One more scene, and we must leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, and also to his curiosity. They are attempting to bear the children from the flames.

"When the young Indian had rejoined the party in the dwelling, he led them, without being observed by the lurking band that still hovered in the smoke of the surrounding buildings, to a spot that commanded a full view of their short but perilous route. At this moment the door of the block-house half opened, and was closed again. Still the stranger hesitated—for he saw how little was the chance that all should cross the court unharmed; and to pass it, by repeated trials he knew to be impossible. 'Boy,' he said, 'thou, who hast done thus much, may still do more. Ask mercy for these children in some manner that may touch the hearts of thy people.' Miantonomoh shook his head; and pointing to the ghastly corpse that lay in the court, he answered coldly—'The red man has tasted blood.' 'Then must the desperate trial be done! Think not of thy children, devoted and daring mother, but look only to thine own safety. This wileless youth and I will charge ourselves with the care of the innocents.' Ruth waved him away with her hand, pressing her mute and trembling daughter to her bosom, in a manner to shew that her resolution was taken. The stranger yielded; and turning to Whittall, who stood near him, seemingly as much occupied in vacant admiration of the blazing piles as in any apprehension of his own personal danger, he bade him look to the safety of the remaining child. Moving in front himself, he

was about to offer Ruth such protection as the case afforded, when a window in the rear of the house was dashed inward, announcing the entrance of the enemy, and the imminent danger that their flight would be intercepted. There was no time to lose—for it was now certain that only a single room separated them from their foes. The generous nature of Ruth was roused; and catching Martha from the arms of Whittall Ring, she endeavoured, by a desperate effort, in which feeling rather than any unreasonable motive predominated, to envelop both the children in her robe. 'I am with ye!' whispered the agitated woman; 'hush ye, hush ye, babes! thy mother is nigh!' The stranger was very differently employed. The instant the crash of glass was heard, he rushed to the rear; and he had already grappled with the savage so often named, and who acted as guide to a dozen fierce and yelling followers. 'To the block!' shouted the steady soldier, while with a powerful arm he held his enemy in the throat of the narrow passage, stopping the approach of those in the rear by the body of his foe. 'For the love of life and children, woman, to the block!' The summons rang frightfully in the ears of Ruth; but in that moment of extreme jeopardy, her presence of mind was lost. The cry was repeated; and not till then did the bewildered mother catch her daughter from the floor. With eyes still bent on the fierce struggle in her rear, she clasped the child to her heart and fled, calling on Whittall Ring to follow. The lad obeyed; and ere she had half crossed the court, the stranger, still holding his savage shield between him and his enemies, was seen endeavouring to take the same direction. The whoops, the flight of arrows, and the discharges of musketry, that succeeded, proclaimed the whole extent of the danger. But fear had lent unnatural vigour to the limbs of Ruth; and the gliding arrows themselves scarce sailed more swiftly through the heated air than she darted into the open door of the block. Whittall Ring was less successful. As he crossed the court, bearing the child intrusted to his care, an arrow pierced his flesh. Stung by the pain, the wileless lad turned, in anger, to chide the hand that had inflicted the injury. 'On, foolish boy!' cried the stranger, as he passed him, still making a target of the body of the savage that was writhing in his grasp; 'on, for thy life, and that of the babe!' The mandate came too late. The hand of an Indian was already on the innocent victim, and in the next instant the child was sweeping the air, while with a short yell the keen axe flourished above his head. A shot from the loops laid the monster dead in his tracks. The girl was instantly seized by another hand, and as the captor with his prize darted unharmed into the dwelling, there arose in the block a common exclamation of the name of 'Miantonomoh!' Two more of the savages profited by the pause of horror that followed, to lay hands on the wounded Whittall, and to drag him within the blazing building. At the same moment, the stranger cast the unresisting savage back upon the weapons of his companions. The bleeding and half-strangled Indian met the blows which had been aimed at the life of the soldier, and as he staggered and fell, his vigorous conqueror disappeared in the block. The door of the little citadel was instantly closed, and the savages, who rushed headlong against the entrance, heard the fitting of the bars which secured it against their attacks. The yell of retreat was raised, and in the next instant the court was left to the possession of the dead. 'We will be thankful for

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this blessing,' said Content, as he aided the half-unconscious Ruth to mount the ladder, yielding himself to a feeling of nature that said little against his manhood. ' If we have lost one that we loved, God hath spared our own child.' His breathless wife threw herself into a seat, and folding the treasure to her bosom, she whispered rather than said aloud—' From my soul, Heathcote, am I grateful!' ' Thou abdest the babe from my sight,' returned the father, stooping to conceal a tear that was stealing down his brown cheek, under a pretence of embracing the child—but suddenly recoiling, he added, in alarm—' Ruth!' Startled by the tone in which her husband uttered her name, the mother threw aside the folds of her dress, which still concealed the girl, and stretching her out to the length of an arm, she saw that, in the hurry of the appalling scene, the children had been exchanged, and that she had saved the life of Martha. Notwithstanding the generous disposition of Ruth, it was impossible to repress the feeling of disappointment which came over her with the consciousness of the mistake. Nature at first had sway, and to a degree that was fearfully powerful. ' It is not our babe!' shrieked the mother, still holding the child at the length of her arm, and gazing at its innocent and terrified countenance, with an expression that Martha had never yet seen gleaming from eyes that were, in common, so soft and so indulgent. ' I am thine! I am thine!' murmured the little trembler, struggling in vain to reach the bosom that had so long cherished her infancy. ' If not thine, whom am I?' The gaze of Ruth was still wild, the workings of her features hysterical. ' Madam—Mrs. Heathcote—mother!' came, timidly, and at intervals, from the lips of the orphan. Then the heart of Ruth relented. She clasped the daughter of her friend to her breast, and nature found a temporary relief in one of those frightful exhibitions of anguish which appear to threaten the dissolution of the link which connects the soul with the body.'

The end of the second volume is somewhat languid; but the third will bear comparison with the very best of Cooper's works. The young Indian chief, the regicide, the English girl with all the habits and feelings of an education among the Indians, the stern old Puritan, are perfect of their kind; and it is in the belief that their interest will be as our own, that we recommend this work to our readers.

Waverley Novels, Vol. V. The Antiquary,
Vol. I. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London,
Simpkin and Marshall.

This new edition proceeds most prosperously; indeed it is quite unprecedented that the circulation should be so immense, after the almost glut, as it was commonly considered, of the works in their several previous forms. The neatness, the consistency, the price, and the introduction of interesting particulars connected with the history of these extraordinary productions, however, fully warrant the success which has attended this experiment on the public taste.*

* As every hint which may tend to the improvement of this edition must be acceptable, we notice the following from a correspondent: "In the prospectus (he writes) I do not observe any mention of an accompanying Glossary. This, to southern readers, would be a very desirable accompaniment. The octavo collective edition has one, I think, attached to it; and I am sure it would greatly add to the value of this, which must decidedly take precedence of all others. I notice in Waverley, that the vignettes do not, in both cases, relate to the volumes on the title-pages of which they are engraved. They, in this instance, both relate to scenes in the first volume: might not this be corrected in future with advantage? A reference to the page in which the

preliminary matter to the present volume consists of the advertisement to the first edition of the *Antiquary*, and a quotation respecting the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, from the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. Sir Walter Scott then states, that no incident of any consequence in the novel has been borrowed from the original who suggested the general idea of this admirably drawn character. He then refers to the part of the beggar, and gives us some remarks on a curious class now scarcely to be traced in Scotland.

" Many (he tells us) of the old Scottish mendicants were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degraded class of beings who now practise that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district were usually well received both in the farmer's ha' and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Martin, author of the *Reliquia Divi Sancti Andreae*, written in 1683, gives the following account of one class of this order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would induce an antiquary like Mr. Oldbuck to regret its extinction. He conceives them to be descended from the ancient bards, and proceeds:—' They are called by others, and by themselves, Jockies, who go about begging; and use still to recite the Slogorne (gathering-words or war-cries) of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discoursed, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there were not now above twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrews.' The race of Jockies (of the above description) has, I suppose, been long extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works it is alluded to so often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says,

' And when I down yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.'

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career—

' The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only just to beg.'

And after remarked, that

' To lie in kilns and barns at o'en,
When hanes are crazed and blude is thin,
Is doubtless great distress.'

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted

scene illustrated occurs, would also be a convenience worth attending to."

to his habits and powers. As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the out-houses; and the usual *auemous* (alms) of a handful of meal (called a *goupen*) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicants disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry, his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish ' twapenny,' or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food than the poor peasants from whom they received alms. If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue-Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance. These Bedesmen are an order of paupers to whom the Kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic church,* and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which his majesty has lived; and one Blue-Gown additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birth-day. On the same auspicious era each Bedesman receives a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the colour light blue, with a pewter badge, which confers on them the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland,—all laws against soining, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendicity, being suspended in favour of this privileged class. With his cloak, each receives a leathern purse, containing as many shillings Scots (vide-facet, pennies sterling) as the sovereign is years old; the zeal of their intercession for the king's long life receiving, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the royal chaplains preaches a sermon to the Bedesmen, who (as one of the reverend gentlemen expressed himself) are the most impatient and inattentive audience in the world. Something of this may arise from a feeling on the part of the Bedesmen, that they are paid for their own devotions, not for listening to those of others. Or, more probably, it arises from impatience, natural, though indecorous, in men bearing so venerable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the ceremonial of the royal birth-day, which, so far as they are concerned, ends in a lusty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole moral and religious exhibition terminating in the advice of Johnson's ' hermit hoar' to his proselyte,

* Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'

Of the charity bestowed on these aged Bedesmen in money and clothing, there are many records in the treasurer's accounts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. MacDonald of the Register House, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarrows.

* Like the Maundy pensioners in London.—Ed. L. G.

"BLEW GOWNIS."

In the Account of Sir Robert Melville of Murdochary, Treasurer-Depute of King James VI., there are the following payments:—

“Junij 1590.

“Item, to Mr. Peter Young, Ellinosaar, twentie four gownis of blew clayth, to be givin to xxiiij aud men, according to the yeiris of his hienes age, extending to viij xx viii elins clayth; price of the elne xxiiij ii.

Inde, ij c. j. li. xij s.

“Item, for sextene elins bukrum to the saidis gownis, price of the elne x s. Inde, viii li.

“Item, twentie four pursis, and in ilk purse twentie four schilling. Inde, xxviii li. xv s.

“Item, the price of ilk purse iiiid. Inde, viii li.

“Item, for making of the saidis gownis, viiiij li.

(We omit the other examples.)

I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature. Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country. The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldierlike, or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sung a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed every where. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here. Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrow*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at bray with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the château, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humourist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells. This singular men-

dicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence:—“I can give you change for a note, laird,” replied Andrew. Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a-year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says,

“he died a cadger-powny's death
At some dike side.”

The author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of any thing which may elucidate former manners, or amuse the reader. The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin, wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman, who stood by the Potter-row port, now demolished, and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his hat, but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the attenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells's sarcastic humour and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavoured to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son; and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shewn to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, “on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes,” adding, “ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company.” The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation. Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shewn, that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction,

and another give dinner parties. I know not if it be worth while to observe, that the Anti-quary was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors; though in course of time it rose to equal, and with some readers, superior popularity.”

Upon this extract we have little to observe, except that we do not think the quotations from Burns sustain the conclusion, that the immortal ploughman ever seriously contemplated the condition of an itinerant beggar as the fate of his old age; and indeed we can hardly read the bare supposition of its existence, without wishing that his great successor had expressed some stronger feeling on the subject than is contained in the dry detail of references.

The embellishments of this volume are, a frontispiece, by Stanfield, of Oldbuck removing old Saunders, in his distress, from the occupation of boat-mending; and a vignette, by Cooper, of little Davie run away with by his steed.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Carcanet: a Literary Album; containing select Passages from the most distinguished English Writers. 18mo. pp. 248. London, 1828. Pickering.

THIS interesting selection, got up with Mr. Pickering's usual good taste, doth give us pause. We begin to question whether a well-chosen mélange of past beauties is not more agreeable than a gathered collection of novelties, such as we see in too many modern publications. Certainly the former are flowers,—the latter have at least a due proportion of weeds. At all events, this pretty little volume is deserving of its name, though we only take two or three of the smaller jewels off its string.

“The Maiden's Choice.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic,
Learn'd, not pedantic,
Frolic, not frantic—
This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.”

“Farewell.

Oh, Anna! do not say ‘farewell,’
Though we be doomed to sever;

'Tis like the sullen passing bell
Of pleasure gone for ever.

Ah! find a gentler language then,

The mournful truth to tell,

Say ‘parted friends may meet again’;

But do not say farewell:

Oh, do not say farewell.

It tells of pleasure past away—
It tells of future sorrow;

That summer smiled on yesterday,

And winter comes to-morrow.

Around the heart it seems to throw

A melancholy spell

Of mingled memory and woe—

Oh, do not say farewell;

Oh, do not say farewell.”

“Inscription on an old Tombstone.

We end

When scarce begun,

And ere we apprehend

That we began to live, our life is done.

Then count thy days; and if they flow too fast

For thy dull thoughts to count, count every

Day the last!”

These are but specimens, the least familiar we could pick out; but the best of ancient and modern authors contribute to this sweet nosegay of literature. The same piece carelessly appears at pages 158 and 247.

The Modern Traveller; a popular Description, Geographical, Historical, and Topographical, of the various Quarters of the Globe. 18mo. pp. 360. London. J. Duncan.

ANOTHER volume of this extensively and deservedly popular publication has just appeared. It treats of the South American States of Peru and Chile; and treats of them, as it has done of all the countries hitherto embraced in its circle, with a full measure of intelligence hardly to be reconciled with its brevity, and a degree of accuracy rarely to be met with in accounts brought down to the most recent periods. But the editor has carefully consulted all the later writers on his subject, (we speak from experience, having, in the discharge of our own duties, gone through the same travel), and on the data with which they have furnished him, produced a clear and excellent history of Peru; and of Chile, too, as far as he had materials, but these are so scanty, that he could not do much with them. The result is a nice standard work "in little," so well arranged, that we may refer to it for information relative to the past and present state of these provinces whenever changes and revolutions excite an interest in the public mind. That they will yet undergo many of these, is evident; and we have only now to add, from recent sources on which we can depend, that Chile, of which we hear least, is making more sure progress to prosperity than any other of the South American States: and the cause is this—however much parties may differ, there are none that do not endeavour to advance the happiness of Chile, instead of sacrificing every thing to their own lust of power, as is the case in the other governments.

A few Remarks on the Expediency and Justice of Emancipating the Jews; addressed to the Duke of Wellington. By P. Anichini. 8vo. pp. 82. London, 1829. E. Wilson.

THIS is a fierce and furious pamphlet against the Roman Catholics, against Mr. Peel, and all who supported his late measures,—a pamphlet speaking, to use the most moderate terms, very strongly about the aristocracy, the hierarchy, and the church of England—and a pamphlet which strenuously espouses the policy of emancipating the Jews from all disabilities. It is a broad question, and one which is not now likely to sleep; and, therefore, though the tone of Mr. Anichini must displease every moderate reader, and his arguments are neither well arranged nor altogether just, there is a force in his manner, and a curious jumble of facts in his researches, which render his performance striking where it is not convincing.

Halijet-n-Nadshi; or, the Adornment of the Saviour. Printed at Constantinople, at the close of the Revantish in the year 1244 (middle of November 1828). 4to. pp. 845.

WE gave our readers some account of a gem in Turkish jurisprudence on a former occasion,* and it would seem by the present work, that the "dile of war" has not arrested the activity of the Byzantine press. The *Halijet-n-Nadshi* is one of the numerous commentaries on the *Minjet-Moselli*, or haven of the supplicant; the most celebrated digest which the Mussulman possesses on the duties of prayer; and the production of the equally celebrated Imam Kashgari. Seid Mustafa Ben Mohammed Ben Mustafa of Güssel-

bissar is the author of the publication before us: it was completed three years back, is to consist of two quarto volumes, and is written in Arabic, though such words as are of infrequent occurrence are explained in Turkish; a circumstance which cannot fail to prove eminently useful to oriental lexicographers. On every occasion he has quoted the various authorities in the circle of Moslem dogmatics which he has laid under contribution.

Having given this brief view of the nature of the learned commentator's production, we shall confine ourselves to a few such excerpts from it as may enable the reader to conjecture the character of its general contents.

"Every important concern which is not begun in the name of God, the All-merciful, is pointless.—It was prohibited by the prophet to drink whilst standing.—Actions are judged according to their intent.—The prophet was accustomed to kiss some of his wives without washing previously.—It is permitted us to partake of two kinds of carrion, and two sorts of blood; the first are fish and locusts, and the second liver and spleen. (The prophet was evidently no anatomist, though his biographers speak of him as an adept in medicine!)—In whatever direction you may turn yourselves, you are still in God's presence.—The power of heat proceeds from the effluvia of hell.—Whoever amongst ye shall make confession of your faith, fly to God for refuge against four evils, saying, 'O God! I seek help of thee against the pains of hell, the pains of the grave, the disquietude of death, and the wickedness of Antichrist!'—On the back of every prayer it stands written, 'There is no God but the only God, without associates: his is the power, his the praise; he is my God, having dominion over all! None refuseth when thou givest; none giveth when thou refusest; and to the rich man nothing availeth his wealth.'"

Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, reprinted from the folio Edition of M.DCC.LII., with numerous Additions, Emendations, and Improvements. By the Rev. B. W. Beatson, A.M., Pembroke College, Cambridge; revised and corrected by W. Ellis, Esq., A.M., King's College, Aberdeen. London, 1829. J. O. Robinson.

ENCOURAGED we trust by the deserved success of the edition of Johnson's Dictionary in one large 8vo. volume, we have here its Latin counterpart—a publication on which we do not hesitate to bestow our most unqualified praise. Ainsworth's has always been, what it merited, a popular Thesaurus; and, for ready reference to the student, none better could be constructed. There were, however, as there must be in all works of the kind, many errors, either original, or such as had crept in through careless reprinting; and we are glad to see a multitude of these rectified by the industry and judgment of the present editor. In other respects, also, great and notorious improvements have been effected—retrenchment of what was obsolete or unnecessary, and amplification where the nature of the explanations required it. Altogether, (and we have looked carefully through many intricate examples to enable us to give this honest opinion)—altogether we can most unreservedly recommend this volume as one of the best guides to early classical attainments, and also one of the completest Latin dictionaries that has ever courted public favour.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sept. 21.

A FEW days ago the obsequies of the Count Daru were celebrated at the church of St. Thomas Aquinas; and, as usual on such occasions, there were many "outward and visible signs" of grief displayed. The four corners of the pall were held by Maréchal Maison, M. Fourier, Comte de Cessac, and Duc de Bassano. Peers of France, dressed in all the glitter of embroidered costumes, artists, savans, and several military detachments, escorted the *convoi* to the churchyard of Montmartre, where Cuvier, Ternaux, and Silvestre de Sacy, pronounced orations over the inanimate body. The discourse of M. de Sacy was by far the most interesting. He gave, in simple language, a short sketch of the life of his friend, enumerated his public and private virtues, extolled his talents, and then terminated his eulogium by "Vanité des vanités, et tout n'est que vanité,—hormis craindre et servir Dieu."

Notwithstanding the *mauvais temps*, on Sunday the carriages to St. Cloud were filled in a true John Gilpin style: the old, young, middle-aged, half, whole, and maimed, set out in high glee to trip a merry dance in honour of his saintship; but scarcely had the fiddlers struck up, and ladies ventured to look at their partners, when the heavens sent forth a shower which obliged musicians, dames, and demoiselles, to try their talents in swimming. Noah's deluge could scarcely occasion a greater confusion: husbands stormed, wives scolded, dandies hollowed, daughters wiped their bonnets, and sons sent the saints to hot quarters. Not a carriage was to be had, inns were full, and many dripping human beings were compelled to wade through mud and dirt to the next town. In short, it was about as bad and foolish an affair as your Horticultural fete must have been;—only we have sometimes a fine day as an excuse for such entertainments in France.

To the Editor, &c.

PARIS POPULATION — UNIVERSITY — SURFACES OF EUROPE — ANIMAL KINGDOM.

SIR,—I was somewhat startled by a statement of the present population of Paris, which you gave in your last Number. If it be correct, the mortality which has carried off 180,000 souls in two years has been most miraculously noiseless!—for I have at this moment before me an official extract from the census of 1826, which states the number of the inhabitants of that capital, at the close of that year, to be 890,431; and it is well known that it amounted to 715,000 even so far back as A.D. 1817. Now I submit that your informant must, at all events, be a blunderer; for if, as he says, there were 346,188 men and 367,796 women, the population must have been 713,984 (exclusive of persons under age), not 713,765,—the number with which he unfolds his intelligence. I assume the statement of men and women to be correct; and adding thereto one-fourth for non-adults, I arrive at a population of 892,480, which I should apprehend to be much nearer its actual state! Having thus given vent to my scepticism, I shall avail myself of the present opportunity to submit to your readers the result of an analysis of the official extract I have before alluded to.

French towns above 100,000 souls—3: viz. Paris, 890,431—Lyon, 145,675—Marseilles, 115,913.
Ditto above 50,000 and under 100,000—5: of which Bordeaux, 93,549—Rouen, 90,000—Nantes, 71,730.
Ditto above 20,000 and under 50,000—29.
Ditto above 10,000 and under 20,000—65.

Your informant also speaks of a *University of Paris*, and of 47,000 students. It is right this blunder also should be corrected. There is no such thing as a *University of Paris*; but there is a *Royal University of France*, composed of twenty-six Academies, of which that of Paris is undoubtedly the most illustrious. Each of them has a rector and an academical council and professors; and most of them resemble what we call a University, though none approximate so closely to our apprehension of that designation as the Academy of Paris. The remaining five-and-twenty are—Aix, Amiens, Angers, Besançon, Bourdeaux, Bourges, Caen, Cahors, Clermont, Dijon, Douai, Grenoble, Limoges, Lyon, Metz, Montpellier, Nancy, Nîmes, Orleans, Pau, Poitiers, Rennes, Rouen, Strasbourg, and Toulouse. Subject to the jurisdiction of these academies are the Royal and Commercial Colleges; and I have little doubt but that the 47,000 students mentioned by your informant are the total numbers of the scholars entered on the books of the several academies, and therefore pupils of the University of France; for in 1827 the matriculated pupils of the Paris Academy amounted to 10,354; and though I admit there has been a considerable increase since that date, it cannot certainly have been in the ratio of five to one.

To shew you further how little dependence is frequently to be placed upon statistical data, I will only add two remarkable instances of discordancy between the statements of very intelligent and respectable writers.

Bergmann	181,682 square miles.
Galetti	171,600
Gaspari	163,000
Hassel	155,481
Fabri	160,000

Between the highest and the lowest of these there is therefore a difference of more than one-fifth!

The second example of the uncertainty of wholesale enumerations occurs in one of the tables given by M. Moreau de Joannis, in an attempt to ascertain the extent of lands devoted to pasture in the various countries of Europe, to shew the backward state of France in this branch, and to deduce, from general and analytical statements, the advantages which flow from its extension.

Enumeration of horses, &c. bred in the under-mentioned territories:—

	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.
British Isles	1,800,000	10,000,000	49,000,000
France	6,681,000	29,000,000	
German Confed.	1,900,000	12,000,000	20,000,000
Spain	140,000	1,000,000	12,000,000
Austria	1,400,000	10,000,000	10,000,000
Hungary	430,000	4,689,000	10,000,000
Prussia	1,202,000	2,395,000	3,000,000
Hanover	225,000	4,335,000	2,049,000
Netherlands	454,000	676,000	1,540,000

I shall but remark upon this statement, as regards the British Isles, that England alone has been generally accounted to breed 43,000,000 of sheep, and Scotland and Ireland 30,000,000. And I have recently seen a very careful estimate of the number of that invaluable animal bred in the Prussian dominions, which gives a total of more than 12,000,000. Even in 1821 it amounted to 9,597,151; and in 1827 the flocks of Silesia alone were ascertained to contain 2,250,000 sheep, which are beyond even Moreau's estimate for all Prussia. In 1827 the actual number of horses bred in that country was above 1,400,000, and of horned cattle above 6,000,000,—the official return of the latter in 1821 having been 4,275,679. As regards Austria, it is now nine years ago since Baron Lichtenstern reported the number of sheep at

11,358,000; and within less than a twelve-month back, the annals of Austrian husbandry have shewn an increase to 20,000,000.

I am afraid yourself and your readers will become impatient of my prolixity; and as that quality is ever "more honoured i' the breach than the observance," it behoves me to lose no time in subscribing myself, sir, yours, &c. S. Sept. 22d, 1829.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

LETTERS dated off the Cape of Good Hope have been received from Captain Foster, of His Majesty's Ship Chanticleer, who, our readers will no doubt remember, sailed from England more than a year since on a scientific voyage to the southern hemisphere. As might have been anticipated, the Chanticleer has encountered much severe weather, and was forced by it into Mossel Bay. Captain Foster, we are happy to learn, has procured satisfactory observations at Cape Horn and South Shetland; and from his operations, consisting chiefly of pendulum experiments, important results may naturally be expected.

THE JOURNAL OF MAJOR LAING.

[In giving this tragical and disgraceful story to the British public, we may notice that the individual who figures so suspiciously in it, viz. Hassouna Dghies, must be well remembered a few years ago in London society. We were acquainted with him during his residence here, and often met him, both at public entertainments and at private parties, where his Turkish dress made him conspicuous. He was an intelligent man, and addicted to literary pursuits; in manners more polished than almost any of his countrymen whom we ever knew, and apparently of a gentler disposition than the accusation of having instigated this infamous murder would fix upon him.—ED. L. G.]

IT was known some days ago that Baron Rousseau, the French consul-general and chargé d'affaires at Tripoli, had taken down his flag, in consequence of very serious disputes between the Pasha and him, respecting the papers of Major Laing. If we may credit the information which we have received, Baron Rousseau is implicated in this affair. As soon as the official documents, which we expect, have reached us, we shall lose no time in laying them before the public.

News received from Tripoli.

It was about three years ago, that Major Laing, son-in-law of Colonel Hammer Warrington, consul-general of England in Tripoli, quitted that city, where he left his young wife, and penetrated into the mysterious continent of Africa, the grave of so many illustrious travellers. After having crossed the chain of Mount Atlas, the country of Fezzan, the desert of Lempta, the Sahara, and the kingdom of Abades, he arrived at the city of Timbuctoo, the discovery of which has been so long desired by the learned world. Major Laing, by entering Timbuctoo, had gained the reward of £3000 sterling, which a learned and generous Society in London had promised to the intrepid adventurer who should first visit the great African city, situated between the Nile of the Negroes and the river Gambaron. But Major Laing attached much less value to the gaining of the reward than to the fame acquired after so many fatigues and dangers. He had collected on his journey valuable information in all branches of science: having fixed his abode at Timbuctoo, he had composed the journal of his travels, and was preparing to return to Tripoli, when he was attacked by Africans, who undoubtedly were watching for him in the desert. Laing, who had but a weak escort, defended himself with heroic courage: he had at heart the preservation of his labours and his glory.

But in this engagement he lost his right hand, which was struck off by the blow of a yatagan. It is impossible to help being moved with pity at the idea of the unfortunate traveller, stretched upon the sand, writing painfully with his left hand to his young wife, the mournful account of the combat. Nothing can be so affecting as this letter, written in stiff characters, by unsteady fingers, and all soiled with dust and blood. This misfortune was only the prelude to one far greater. Not long afterwards, some people of Ghadames, who had formed part of the Major's escort, arrived at Tripoli, and informed Colonel Warrington that his relation had been assassinated in the desert. Col. Warrington could not confine himself to giving barren tears to the memory of his son-in-law. The interest of his glory, the honour of England, the affections of a father,—all made it his duty to seek after the authors of the murder, and endeavour to discover what had become of the papers of the victim. An uncertain report was soon spread that the papers of Major Laing had been brought to Tripoli by people of Ghadames; and that a Turk, named Hassouna Dghies, had mysteriously received them. This is the same Dghies whom we have seen at Marseilles, displaying so much luxury and folly, offering to the ladies his perfumes and his shawls—a sort of travelling Usbeck, without his philosophy and his wit. From Marseilles he went to London, overwhelmed with debts, projecting new ones, and always accompanied by women and creditors. Col. Warrington was long engaged in persevering researches, and at length succeeded in finding a clue to this horrible mystery. The Pasha, at his request, ordered the people who had made part of the Major's escort to be brought from Ghadames. The truth was at length on the point of being known; but this truth was too formidable to Hassouna Dghies for him to dare to await it, and he therefore took refuge in the abode of Mr. Coxe, the consul of the United States. The Pasha sent word to Mr. Coxe, that he recognised the inviolability of the asylum granted to Hassouna; but that the evidence of the latter being necessary in the prosecution of the proceedings relative to the assassination of Major Laing, he begged him not to favour his flight. Col. Warrington wrote to his colleague to the same effect. However, Hassouna Dghies left Tripoli on the 9th of August, in the night, in the disguise, it is said, of an American officer, and took refuge on board the United States corvette *Fairfield*, Captain Parker, which was then at anchor in the roads of Tripoli. Doubtless, Captain Parker was deceived with respect to Hassouna, otherwise the noble flag of the United States would not have covered with its protection a man accused of being an accomplice in an assassination.

It is fully believed that this escape was ardently solicited by a French agent, whom we see, with a profound sentiment of grief, engaged in this affair. It is even said, that the proposal was first made to the captain of one of our (French) ships, but that he nobly replied, that one of the king's officers could not favour a suspicious flight,—that he would not receive Hassouna on board his ship, except by virtue of a written order, and, at all events, in open day, and without disguise.

The *Fairfield* weighed anchor on the 10th of August, in the morning.

The Pasha, enraged at the escape of Hassouna, summoned to his palace Mohamed Dghies, brother of the fugitive, and there, in the presence of his principal officers, commanded him, with a stern voice, to declare the truth.

Mohamed fell at his master's feet, and declared upon oath, and in writing, that his brother Hassouna had had Major Laing's papers in his possession, but that he had delivered them up to a person, whom we shall refrain from naming, for a deduction of forty per cent on the debts which he had contracted in France, and the recovery of which this person was endeavouring to obtain by legal proceedings.

The declaration of Mohamed extends to three pages, containing valuable and very numerous details respecting the delivery of the papers of the unfortunate Major, and all the circumstances of this strange transaction.

. . . The shape and the size of the Major's papers are indicated with the most minute exactness; it is stated that these papers were taken from him near Timbuctoo, and subsequently delivered to the person above mentioned *entire, and without breaking the seals of red wax*,—a circumstance which would demonstrate the participation of Hassouna in the assassination; for how can it be supposed otherwise, that the wretches who murdered the Major would have brought these packages to such a distance without having been tempted by cupidity, or even the curiosity so natural to savages, to break open their frail covers?

Mohamed, however, after he had left the palace, fearing that the Pasha in his anger would make him answerable for his brother's crime, according to the usual mode of doing justice at Tripoli, hastened to seek refuge in the house of the person of whom we have spoken, and to implore his protection. Soon afterwards the consul-general of the Netherlands, accompanied by his colleagues the consul-general of Sweden, Denmark, and Sardinia, proceeded to the residence of the person pointed out as the receiver, and in the name of Col. Warrington, and by virtue of the declaration of Mohamed, called upon him instantly to restore Major Laing's papers. He answered haughtily, that this declaration was only a tissue of calumnies; and Mohamed, on his side, trusting, doubtless, in a pretended inviolability, yielding, perhaps, to fallacious promises, retracted his declaration, completely disowned it, and even went so far as to deny his own handwriting.

This recantation deceived nobody; the Pasha, in a transport of rage, sent to Mohamed his own son, Sidi Ali: this time influence was of no avail. Mohamed, threatened with being seized by the *chiaoux*, retracted his retraction; and in a new declaration, in the presence of all the consuls, confirmed that which he made in the morning before the Pasha and his officers.

Now the outlines of this affair are clearly laid down, we submit them to the attention of France and of Europe. The reader will easily divine every thing that delicacy renders it our duty to pass over in silence. One consolatory fact results from these afflictive details: the papers of Major Laing exist, and the learned world will rejoice at the intelligence; but in the name of humanity, in the name of science, in the name of the national honour—compromised, perhaps, by disgraceful or criminal bargains,—it must be hoped that justice may fall upon the guilty, whoever he may be.

(From the *Sémaphore de Marseilles*.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

[Touching hieroglyphics, the conservators of the Museum at Naples have just announced that one of the manuscripts on papyrus, found in the excavations at Pompeii, and which has lately been deciphered according to the process of Sir Humphry Davy, bears the following

title:—“*Septuaginta novem Inscriptiones ex Hieroglyphicis in Latinum versus Sermonem.*” These papyri are supposed to be anterior to the dominion of the Ptolemies in Egypt; and this Latin version, it is hoped, will afford a sufficient insight into the hieroglyphics to compose an alphabet which may serve for the interpretation of hieroglyphic inscriptions; and also throw great light on the sacred language of Egypt, by explaining the inscriptions on the monuments, &c. in the temples of Egypt and Nubia.]

M. Champollion's Twelfth Letter—continued.

ON the 3d of March, in the morning, we arrived at Esneh, where we were very graciously received by Ibrahim Bey, the governor of the province. Through his means we obtained permission to examine the great temple of Esneh, which is filled with cotton; and, being used as a general warehouse for that commodity, has been incrusted with the mud of the Nile, especially on the outside. Besides this, the intervals between the first row of columns of the pronaos has been filled up with mud walls; so that we were obliged to carry on our operations, sometimes with candles in our hands, and sometimes with the help of ladders, to examine the bas-reliefs more closely.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, I have collected all that it was important to know of this great temple with regard to mythology and history. This building has been considered, on the strength of mere conjectures founded on a particular mode of interpreting the zodiac of the ceiling, to be the *most ancient* monument of Egypt. The result of my study of it has been fully to convince me that it is the *most modern*; for the bas-reliefs which adorn it, and especially the hieroglyphics, are in such a rude and stiff style, that we perceive at a glance the extreme point of the decay of the arts; and the inscriptions fully confirm this view. The masses of this pronaos were erected under the emperor Cesar Tiberius Claudius Germanicus (the Emperor Claudius), whose dedication is on the door of the pronaos, in large hieroglyphics. The cornice of the façade, and the first row of columns, were sculptured under the emperors Vespasian and Titus. The back part of the pronaos bears the legends of the emperors Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Commodus: some columns of the interior of the pronaos were adorned with sculpture under Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus; but, with the exception of some bas-reliefs of the time of Domitian, all those on the right and left walls of the pronaos bear the legends of Septimus Severus and of Geta, whom his brother Caracalla had the barbarity to assassinate, at the same time proscribing his name throughout the Roman empire. It seems that the proscription, commanded by the tyrant, was carried into effect even in the Thebaid; for the cartouches (or scrolls) bearing the proper names of the Emperor Geta are all carefully effaced with a hammer, but not so effectually as to hinder me from clearly reading the name of that unfortunate prince.—*The Emperor Caesar-Geta, the Director.* I believe that Latin or Greek inscriptions, in which this name has been hammered out, are already known: here we have hieroglyphic legends to add to the list. Thus, then, the real antiquity of the pronaos of Esneh is uncontestedly fixed: its erection is not of a more remote period than the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and the sculptures come as low down as Caracalla; and among the latter is the famous zodiac which has been so much talked of. What remains of the naos, that is to say, the back wall of the pronao, is of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes; and therefore, as it were, but yesterday in comparison with what was believed. The excavations which we have made behind the pronaos have convinced

us that the temple properly so called has been razed even to the foundations.

However, let the friends of the antiquity of the monuments of Egypt console themselves:—Latopolis, or rather Esneh (for this name is read in hieroglyphics on all the columns and on all the bas-reliefs of the temple), was not a village in the great Pharaonic times; it was an important city, adorned with fine monuments; and I have discovered the proof of this in the inscription of the columns of the pronao. I have found upon two of these columns, the shafts of which are almost wholly covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, arranged vertically, a notice of the *fêtes* which were annually celebrated in the great temple of Esneh. One of them related to the commemoration of the dedication of the ancient temple by King Thoutmosis III. There exists, besides—and I have taken a drawing of it—in a small street in Esneh, in the quarter of Scheïl Mohammed Ebbedri, the jamb of a door, of very beautiful rose-coloured granite, bearing a dedication of the Pharaoh Thoutmosis II.; and belonging doubtless to one of the old monuments of the Pharaonic city of Esneh. I have also found at Edfou a stone, which is the only known remnant of the temple that existed in that town before the present structure, which was built under the Lagides. The ancient temple was of the age of Menris, dedicated, like the new one, to the great god Har-Hat, lord of Hatfouah (Edfou), by Thoutmosis III., who built most of the sacred edifices in the Thebaid, as well as in Nubia, after the invasion of the Hyksos—in the same manner as the Ptolemies rebuilt those of Ombos, Esneh, and Edfou—to replace the primitive temples destroyed during the Persian invasion.

The grand temple of Esneh was dedicated to one of the greatest forms of the divinity—to Chnouphis, who has the titles of “Nev-en-thosné, lord of the country of Esneh, creative spirit of the universe, vital principle of the divine essences, support of all the worlds, &c.” With this god are associated the goddess Neith, represented under divers forms, and the various names of Menhi, Tnèbouanou, &c.; and the young Haké, represented under the form of an infant, which completed the triad adored at Esneh. I have collected a multitude of very curious details relative to the attributes of these three personages, to whom the principal *fêtes* and religious assemblies annually celebrated at Esneh were consecrated. On the 23d of the month Hathor the *fête* of the goddess Tnèbouanou was celebrated; that of the goddess Menhi was on the 25th of the same month—on the 31st of that of Isis, the third form of the two above-named goddesses. On the 1st day of Choïak, a panegyrie (or religious assembly) was held in honour of the young god Haké; and another on the same day in honour of Chnouphis. The following is the article of the sacred calendar, sculptured on one of the columns of the pronaos:—

“On the new moon of Choïak, panegyrics and offerings in the temple of Chnouphis, lord of Esneh; all the sacred ornaments are displayed; there are offerings of loaves, wine, and other liquors, of oxen and geese; collyrium and perfumes are presented to the god Chnouphis, and to the goddess his consort; afterwards, milk to Chnouphis. With respect to the other gods of the temple, a goose is offered to the goddess Menhi; a goose to the goddess Neith; a goose to Osiris; a goose to Khous and Thoth; a goose to the gods Atmon, Thore, as well as to the other gods worshipped in the temple; seeds, flowers, and ears of corn, are

presented to the lord Chnouphis, sovereign of Enne; and he is invoked in these terms," &c. Here follows the prayer pronounced on this solemn occasion, and which I have copied, because it is highly interesting in a mythological view.

To the same divinities was dedicated the temple situated to the north of Esneh, in a fine plain, formerly cultivated, but now overgrown with briars, and very recently devastated. This temple is no longer such as it was left by the commission of Egypt; nothing remains of it but a single column, a small piece of a wall, and the basements, almost on a level with the surface of the ground. Among the bas-reliefs I found one of Evergetes I. and Berenice his wife; and also the legends of Philopator on the column, those of Adrian on a portion of architecture; and on another, in most barbarous hieroglyphics, the names of the Emperors Antonine and Verus. Chance led me to discover, in the external basement of the left part of the temple, a series of captives representing nations conquered (by Evergetes I., according to all appearance); and by the help of the nails of our Arabs, who scratched up the ground valiantly, in spite of the stones and briars, I succeeded in copying ten of the onomastic inscriptions of the nations, engraved on a kind of shield, fastened to the breast of the vanquished. Among the nations whom the victor boasts of having subdued, I have read the names of Armenia, Persia, Thrace, and Macedonia; perhaps the victories of some Roman emperor may be referred to; for there is nothing in a sufficient state of preservation to clear up this doubt.

On the 7th of March, we visited the ruins of the ancient Taphium, now Taoud, situated on the right bank of the river, but in the vicinity of the Arabic chain, and very near to Hermonthis, which is on the opposite bank. Here there are two or three apartments of a little temple, inhabited by Fellahs or their cattle. In the largest there are still some bas-reliefs, which informed me that the triad worshipped in the temple consisted of Mandou, the goddess Ritho, and their son Harphré, the same as in the temple of Hermonthis, the capital of the nome to which Taphium belonged.

At noon we were at Hermonthis, where we again spent some hours in copying bas-reliefs and hieroglyphic inscriptions, to complete our labours relative to Erment, which we commenced at our first visit in the month of November last. This temple is only a mammisi, or ei-mamisi, consecrated to the delivery of the goddess Ritho, built and sculptured (as is proved by all the bas-reliefs) in commemoration of queen Cleopatra, daughter of Auletes, on the birth of Cesarion, son of Julius Caesar, who was pleased to be the Mandou of this new goddess Ritho, as Cesarion was the Harphré. It was, indeed, pretty much the custom of the Roman dictator to endeavour to complete the triad, especially when he met with queens who, like Cleopatra, had something divine in them, without disdaining on that account terrestrial joys.

On the 8th our little squadron moored at the foot of the ancient quay washed by the Nile, and which will not be able much longer to defend the palace of Luxor, the last columns of which nearly touch the banks of the river. This quay is evidently of two different epochs: the primitive Egyptian construction is of large burnt bricks, cemented with extremely hard mortar, and its ruins form enormous blocks from fifteen to eighteen feet broad, and from twenty-five to thirty in length, like rocks inclined over the

river, to the middle of which they project. The quay of freestone is of much later date: I have observed in it stones from demolished edifices still bearing fragments of sculpture of the style of the lower ages.

We had completed (within a trifle) our researches respecting Luxor before we came to take up our quarters here at Biban-el-Molouk, and I am able to furnish the necessary details respecting the era of the erection of all the parts that compose this great edifice. The founder of the palace, or rather of the palaces, of Luxor was Amenophis-Memnon (Amenothip III.) of the eighteenth dynasty. It was that prince who built the series of edifices which extends from south to north, from the Nile to the fourteen great columns, forty-five feet in height, which belong to this reign. On all the architraves of the other columns which adorn the inner courts and halls (which columns are 105 in number—most of them entire) there are, in large hieroglyphics, of a very low relief and excellent workmanship, dedications offered in the name of king Amenophis. I here subjoin the translation of one of them, to give an idea of all the others, which differ only in some royal titles more or less. "Life! Horus, powerful and moderate, reigning by justice, the organiser of his country, he who keeps the world in repose, because, great in his strength, he has struck the barbarians: the king, lord of justice, beloved of the sun, the son of the sun, Amenophis, moderator of the pure region (Egypt), has caused the execution of these buildings, consecrated to his father Ammon, the god lord of the three zones of the universe, in the Oph of the south: he has had them built of good and hard stones, in order to erect a durable monument. This is what has been done by the son of the sun, Amenophis, beloved of Ammon-Ra." These inscriptions therefore remove all kind of doubt respecting the precise epoch of the construction and decoration of this part of Luxor. My inscriptions are not without a verb, like the Greek inscriptions explained by M. Letronne, and which have been found fault with so *mal à propos*: I can announce to him on this subject that I shall bring him Egyptian dedicatory inscriptions of the temples of Phile, Ombos, and Dendera, in which the verb to *build* is never wanting.

The bas-reliefs which adorn the palace of Amenophis are, in general, relative to acts of worship paid by that prince to the great divinities of this portion of Thebes, who were—1. Ammon-Ra, the supreme god of Egypt, and he who was worshipped almost exclusively at Thebes; 2. his secondary form, Ammon-Ra, the generator, called mystically the husband of his mother, and represented under a Priapian form—it is the Egyptian Pan mentioned in the Greek writers; 3. the goddess Thamoun or Tamon, that is to say, the female Ammon, one of the forms of Neith, considered as the consort of Ammon; 4. the goddess Mouth, the divine grandmother, the consort of Ammon-Ra; 5. and 6. the young gods Khous and Harka, who complete the two great triads adored at Thebes, viz.—

Fathers.	Mothers.	Sons.
Ammon-Ra.	Mouth.	Khous.
Ammon-generator.	Thamoun.	Harka.

The king is represented making offerings, sometimes very rich ones, to these divinities, or accompanying their *buri*, or sacred arks, borne in procession by the priests.

On Egyptian Antiquities, &c.—To the request of our correspondent, who says it would much enhance the interest and importance of Champollion's Letters were we

* The south part of the province of Thebes (Amon-El), that on the right bank of the Nile.

to indicate the periods at which the sovereigns flourished, whose names and inscriptions are thus but recent from their long oblivion,—we have to answer, that the subject has occupied much of our attention, and will be fully entered upon in many a future *Gazette*. But it is one of great doubt and difficulty; and the very discoveries which we are weekly recording, furnish the lights to guide us through the conflicting opinions that have prevailed upon it to the present day. In the mean time, we strenuously advise every reader who feels interested in this, certainly the most curious literary inquiry of the age, to peruse a small volume recently published by Mr. Pickering (8vo. pp. 129). It is entitled "The Ancient Fragments," &c. &c.; and contains all that remains of the earliest writers who have treated of the histories of the first nations among mankind. Thus we have Sanchoniathon, Berossus, Abduenus, Megasthenes, &c.; and, above the whole, Manetho, the oldest and best authority on the Egyptian dynasties. There are other very valuable relics in this most useful volume; and all excellently translated by the editor, J. F. Cory, of Caius College, Cambridge,—to whom the learned world, as well as the general reader, are under deep obligations for the work.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

AT the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 21st instant, M. Payen announced a new mode of preparing plaster. By accident, he discovered that some sulphite of lime which had surrounded a tube heated to 105° by hot air, was converted into excellent plaster. He proposes, therefore, this method of preparing it, instead of that in general use, which is more expensive and less certain as to the result.—Geoffrey St. Hilaire read the report of the commission on the scientific expedition to the Morea. His report enumerated corrections of various geographical errors of importance, interesting researches among ruins, drawings of which are given; experiments on the temperature of the sea, admeasurement of mountains, &c. The report states, that the members of the expedition were everywhere received with hospitality, that the agriculture of the country appears to be in its infancy, and that the inhabitants are destitute of a multitude of vegetables which would thrive in their climate. The report concludes by congratulating the Academy on the vast addition to the museum which will result from this expedition; and declares that M. Bory de St. Vincent, and each of its members, is entitled to the praise of the Academy.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.
3d day—the earth at its mean distance from the sun. 23d day, 4 hrs. 29 min.—the sun enters Scorpio. The solar disc has latterly been conspicuously covered with spots, particularly those denominated faculae.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
First Quarter in Sagittarius	5	11	49
○ Full Moon in Pisces	12	3	29
● Last Quarter in Cancer	19	2	30
○ New Moon in Libra	27	7	44

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Scorpio	3	1	0
Saturn in Leo	20	19	30
Mars in Virgo	22	13	0
Mercury in Libra	27	13	15
Jupiter in Scorpio	30	16	15
Venus in Ophiuchus	30	21	45

3d day.—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as an evening star. 26th day, 13 hrs.—in his inferior conjunction.

Venus appears under a gibbous phase, with 9 digits west illuminated, and apparent diameter 14''. This beautiful planet divides the empire of the evening sky with Jupiter, and will be in conjunction with the following stars, at the times specified respectively:—

	D.	H.
2 ♀ Libra	1	2
♀ —————	11	14
λ —————	13	21
δ Scorpii	15	6
σ Ophiuchi	21	8

Mars will be in conjunction with β and γ Virginis on the 2d day 15 hrs., and 15th day 5 hrs. respectively.

Satellites of Jupiter.

The following will be the only visible eclipse:

First Satellite, emersion . 14 5 55 7

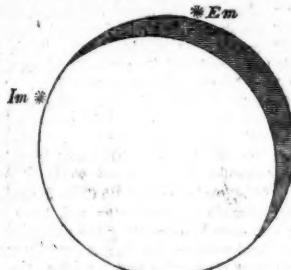
Saturn is rapidly gaining on the midnight heavens, and advancing towards the bright star Regulus in Leo. This planet rises at the following times: the intermediate periods may easily be obtained by proportion:

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 13 8 13 12 30 25 11 46		

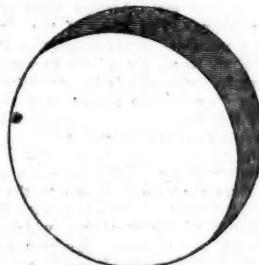
12th day—Uranus stationary. 25th day, 17 hrs. 30 min. in quadrature. This distant planet transits the meridian at the following times respectively:

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 7 49 11 7 12 21 6 35		

Ocultation of Aldebaran.—Oct. 15th day—this star will again be occulted by the moon, and under more favourable circumstances than those which have already preceded in this year; (see *Celestial Phenomena for July and September*). The apparent passage of the star will be considerably north of the centre of the moon, or according to the subjoined diagram.



Aldebaran projected on the disc of the moon.
The accompanying diagram will give some idea of this singular phenomenon.



The following will be the times of occultation, as computed for five principal observatories:

	Sideral Time.	Mean solar Time.
Paris	22 51	9 14 Immersion.
	23 35	9 58 Emersion.
Greenwich	22 48	9 12 Immersion.
	23 25	9 49 Emersion.
Bedford	22 48	9 12 Immersion.
	23 23	9 47 Emersion.
Edinburgh	22 50	9 13 Immersion.
	23 12	9 35 Emersion.
Dublin	22 31	8 55 Immersion.
	23 56	9 20 Emersion.

The circumstance that has rendered an occultation of Aldebaran a curious subject of investigation is, that in former occultations of it since the year 1699, several of the most eminent astronomers on the continent, and a few in this country, have observed this star, which

is of a reddish colour, either clinging to, or projected on the disc of the moon, at the moments of immersion and emersion, during a period varying from one to ten seconds of time. A similar appearance has been observed with Regulus, Spica Virginis, and some other fixed stars, also with some of the planets; but the instances have been few with these compared with the frequency of its occurrence with Aldebaran.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ANTIQUITIES OF FRANCE.

At Plumeur, in the department of Morbihan, in Brittany, a tumulus, eighteen feet in height, and three hundred feet in circumference at its base, has recently been opened. A vault formed of small stones, and closed by a cover, was found in the centre, containing the rotten remains of a large box, in the midst of which were ashes and charcoal. In the side of the mound was a Celtic axe, of black stone, half broken.—A very interesting *Essay on the antiquities of the department of Morbihan*, by M. Mahé, a canon of the cathedral of Vannes, was published last year. Among a number of curious details, is a notice of the abbey of St. Gildas. This abbey, founded by Duke Guerech the First, was afterwards very celebrated, in consequence of its becoming the residence of Abelard. The new abbot, having made many useless efforts to produce a reform in the manners of the monastery, at length excited so much discontent, that his life was several times in danger. One day especially, to avoid death, he was obliged to escape by the pipe of a sewer, which is shewn to this day. Before the revolution, was to be seen the pulpit, loaded with Gothic ornaments, from which he delivered his lectures. It appears that the republican soldiers, being in want of wood to warm themselves, did not hesitate to commit to the flames this valuable remembrance of the lover of Heloise.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Persons of the XIXth Century. Engraved on Steel. With Memoirs by the Rev. H. Stobbing, M.A. &c. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. London, 1829. Fisher, Son, and Co.; Colnaghi, Son, and Co.; Ackermann; Jones and Co.

In each of these Nos. are three portraits, with the autographs of the originals, and three memoirs, written by a gentleman well known to, and much appreciated by, the literary world, Mr. H. Stobbing; who has in these brief sketches displayed much laudable modesty in abstaining from giving opinions, and much good sense in stating the leading facts to which he confines his narrative. Princess Charlotte, Wellington, Byron, Wollaston, Davy, Marquess Wellesley, Lord Amherst, Lord Grenville, are among those distinguished personages here illustrated; the plan embracing the living as well as the dead. Most of the portraits are striking likenesses, and forcibly engraved; and as the work is very cheap, we think it likely to be popular.

Winter's Wreath, for 1830. Whittaker and Co., London; G. Smith, Liverpool.

SEVEN proofs out of the thirteen engravings which are to constitute the graphic flowers of the forthcoming "Winter's Wreath" have been sent to us. Several of them are exceedingly beautiful. Among these are, "The Parting

from the Bridal of Fontenay," engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by C. R. Bonne; and "Il Cavaliere Pittore," engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. In the former, the general taste and elegance of the grouping—and in the latter, the fine contrast between the passionate declaration of attachment by the youthful artist, and the bashful yet graceful reception of that declaration by his exquisitely lovely model, are admirable. The "View near Derwent Water, Lodore," engraved by R. Brandard, from a picture by W. Havell, is also a rich and charming composition. Of some of the other prints we are unable to speak in terms of unqualified praise. To such an "Idol," especially, we trust that we are too good Christians ever to feel any inclination to bow down.

ANTIQUITIES.

A LETTER, of last month, from a distinguished English author at Naples, mentions that more than two thousand vases have been discovered in the Acropolis of the Volsci, in the Roman states, numbers of which have the names of Greeks inscribed on them in Greek characters. Of this treasure of arts and antiquities we shall endeavour to procure accurate accounts.

RUSSIAN SCULPTURE.

A RUSSIAN sculptor, of the name of Martoss, is at present engaged in casting in bronze a statue, which the inhabitants of Kherson have been authorised to raise within their walls, to the memory of Prince Potemkin. This monument, which will be placed on a pedestal, either of white marble or of granite, will consist of a statue of the height of the Hercules Farnese, representing Prince Potemkin, standing, supporting his left hand on his sword, and extending his right hand, in which he holds a roll of paper. The attitude, at once simple and majestic, is highly creditable to the artist; who has adopted for his draperies a mixture of the Roman and Slavonic. At the feet of the hero is a helmet; and at the four corners of the pedestal are four colossal figures, seated, and representing Mars, Neptune, Apollo, and Hercules. The expense of this monument is estimated at 170,000 rubles, (above £50,000) —*Bulletin du Nord.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE POET'S WAKE.

Light of the poet's eye,

Fire of his breast,

Thou spirit of minstrelsy,

Where dost thou rest?

Cold is the ashy lip,

Colder the brow—

Spirit that warm'd them,

Where art thou now?

Haply thou slumberest

Inert in that clay,

And shall, corrupting,

With it melt away.

Noble in Nature's scale,

Lord of thy kind,

Creation's best masterpiece—

Courage and mind,

Art thou in slumber's chains

Shackled and hid?—

Forbid it, high heaven's power!—

Nature, forbid!

Soul of the form divine,

Where hast thou sped?

Where is thy resting-place,

Ghost of the dead?

Far o'er the starry sky,
Up through its dome,
Angels have wafted thee
Hence to thy home.

Rest there in glory's lap:
Worlds shall fade,
But thou art eternal,
Soul of the dead !

Liverpool.

SIGMA.

[In our travels lately we picked up the annexed elegant little gem; and we trust we do no wrong in making it public: it is pleasant even in so slight a thing to see the union of petite literature and taste with philosophy and science.—Ed. L. G.]

THE CAPTAIN OF A STEAM-VESSEL *loquitur.*

ENTRATE, O fortunati ! in questa
Nave, ond' io l' ocean sicuro varco ;
Cui destre è ciascun vento, ogni tempesta
Tranquilla, e lieve ogni gravoso incarco.

Eastbourn, 1825.

DAVIES GILBERT.

ISABEL IN HER GARDEN.

It is a morn of spring, and she has left
Her couch at dawn, and now amid the flowers
Delighted wanders. Thus should ever wake
Young Beauty, and adorn her laughing cheek
With vermeil hues; for health is in the breeze,
And life. The azure eye of Isabel
Sparkles with new-born fires; her lip has caught
The ruby's deepest tint; and as her form,
Her sylph-like form, is seen sweet gliding there
Amid the bud (the bloom of that fair world
Which May has quickened round her), earth
holds not

A lovelier vision.

She has stooped to kiss
The rose, and o'er the queen-flower now she
bends
In ecstasy; and see her ivory hand
Wanders among its buds, but with a touch
Gentle as that of the bland spring-breeze: then
Her eye roams o'er that paradise of hues,
Of beautiful hues, and forms assembled there;
And with a sweet uncertainty she strays
Amid them, charmed with all, and listening oft
To the musicians of the woods—the birds—
Pouring their first best lays, the while the
breeze

Is playing with her radiant locks.

Doverport.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

WE were tempted on Wednesday to the Argyll Rooms by the challenge of a person of the uncommon name of J. Smith to M. Chabert, our old friend the Fire King, whom this individual dared to invite to a trial of powers in swallowing poison and being baked! The audacity of such a step quite amazed us; and expecting to see in the competitor of him of the *Zwergen* *zug* at least a Vulcan, the God of all the Smiths, we hastened to the scene of strife. Alas, our disappointment was complete! Smith had not even the courage of a blacksmith for standing fire, and yielded a stake of fifty pounds, as was stated, without a contest, to M. Chabert, on the latter coming out of his oven with his own two steaks perfectly cooked. On this occasion Chabert took twenty grains of phosphorus, swallowed oil heated to nearly 100° above boiling water, took molten lead out of a ladle with his fingers and cooled it on his tongue; and, besides performing other remarkable feats, remained five minutes in the oven at a temperature of between 300° and 400° by the thermometer. There were about 150 persons present, many of them medical men; and being convinced that these things were fairly done, without trickery, much astonishment was ex-

pressed that any human being could do them and live. We are not very anxious to ascertain whether the challenge was or was not a device to attract public attention: be that as it may, the exploits of Chabert are very wonderful; and if, as he asserts, he possesses the secret of counteracting poisons by sure antidotes, we can only repeat our former opinion, that it ought to be rigorously inquired into by competent persons, and a just compensation be awarded for the discovery of so valuable a means of rescuing our fellow-creatures from agony and death.

being 6s. and the pit 3s. These are signs of the times, both with regard to theatrical property and public taste and means.

The Adelphi opens on the 29th; but, though Michaelmas day, it is not with *Mother Goose*.

De Begnis, Curioni, Blasis, Castelli, and Spagnioletti, have formed a little operatic company, and are about to set out for Dublin, to en-chant the natives there.

The Italian Opera in Paris promises to have a splendid season. Mademoiselle Sontag having concluded a treaty of peace with M. Laurent, made her re-appearance on the 15th inst., in the character of *Semiramide*; and Mademoiselle Heinefetter came out on the 19th, in the character of *Zelmira*. With these two singers, and the united talents of Madame Pisaroni, Donzelli, Bordogni, Santini, and Zuchindini, the most fastidious amateurs must be satisfied. The return of Madame Malibran, in October, will complete the attractions of the *Théâtre-Italien*.—*Foreign Journal*.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE activity of the manager has presented another novelty at this house, under the name of *Procrastination*, and from the pen of Mr. Howard Payne. Most of the materials are gathered from various French pieces,—but they are put together very cleverly; and what the author has produced to connect them is extremely suitable and well done. The hero and support of the comedy is the late Mr. M. (Montague), performed by Farren. His want of punctuality involves him continually in scrapes and disappointments; but in the end he saves his distance and marries *Miss Duncan* (F. H. Kelly), an orphan ward, who has long been secretly attached to him. The personation of this character, which is younger—not thirty-five years of age—than Mr. Farren usually acts, is of the most perfect order, and adds another feather to the already full plume which adorns his histrionic brows. Nothing can surpass the pathos of his reading the letter which discloses the devotedness of his ward to him; —it is acknowledged by the audience with many tears. The other parts consist of a gay widow (Mrs. Humby), who escapes the man of delay, and weds, more to her mind, a person of greater promptitude in *Major D'Arcy* (Mr. Vining). Mrs. Glover and Mr. Webster, in a virulent old maid and her brother, a scheming attorney, trying to catch Mr. M., have a very good scene; and it is no small praise to Mr. Webster to say, that he plays fully up to Mrs. Glover, and in this and other parts displays so much talent, as to be a decided and surely establishing himself as a decided public favourite. Mr. John Reeve as *John Bates*, a rustic servant, has not much to do; and on the second representation (when we saw the piece) could not do much. Mr. Williams, who is so useful here as to be in every thing, acquitted himself well in *Sir J. Franklin*, the brother of the widow: and, altogether, *Procrastination* bids fair to have a protracted run. There seems to have been great improvements made in it since the first night, when some indecorous allusions provoked the disapprobation of the audience. There are yet some passages which ought to be expunged.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

WE only notice this theatre to warn our readers that it approaches its close; for there have been no novelties since our last, and no need of any. Without *stars*, as they are ridiculously called, but with admirable music produced with great taste and skill, unceasing novelties, and an excellent company, we rejoice to say (for the sake of the Drama itself) that the English Opera House has been most attractive throughout the whole of its present season.

DRURY LANE has advertised to open on the 1st of October, at reduced prices; the boxes

VARIETIES.

Celestial Phenomenon.—The newspapers contain an account of a remarkable appearance seen in the heavens from Epsom, on the 15th. It was produced by the moon and clouds, which assumed the shape of a prodigious and rainbow-coloured crucifix. Credulous folks think (in spite of later arrivals) that the Russians must have taken Constantinople on that date.

Orthopaedic Establishment.—There is in Louvain an orthopaedic establishment, which is in some respects superior to any other in Europe. It combines with the most ingenious means of the art all the contrivances of gymnastics. Progressive stretching-beds have there received great improvements; and have succeeded not only in correcting the obliquities of the vertebral column, but in successfully treating bendings of the ribs and clavicles, the deformities called club-feet, and incurvations or declemens of the head. In less than six months, in consequence of the regimen and exercises to which she was subjected at this establishment, a girl, thirteen years of age, grew six inches. The King of the Netherlands, as a testimony of his satisfaction at the conduct of M. Baud, one of the professors of the university, who affords his gratuitous assistance in directing the treatment of the inmates of this institution, has decorated him with the order of the Belgo Lion.

Greatest Elevation of the Apennines.—Nearly in the centre of the continuous chain which extends from the Col di Tenda to the Capo dell' Armi, ulterior Calabria is crested by the noble summit of Mount Corno, which commonly bears the apposite cognomen of the "Gran Sasso d'Italia." Immense masses of calcareous substance, stratified and intersected with beds of pyramidal quartz, form the component matter of this mountain, as well as of its compeers, the Velino, Sibylla, and Majella. The lowest strata of carbonated chalk have a horizontal inclination of about five and forty degrees; these are succeeded by strata running parallel with the horizon; and above the latter are vertical layers, which take a gently horizontal direction when they approach their greatest elevation, and thus form a moderately inclined plane at the summit. From this point, on a fine clear day, the spectator enjoys a magnificent view of the Mediterranean on the one hand, and of the Adriatic on the other, as far as the last ripple which curls along the shore of Dalmatia. Reuss gave this summit an elevation of 8791 English feet above the

level of the sea ; Professor Schouw, of 9585 ; and Delfico, of 10,191. The disparity in these admeasurements is accounted for, as regards the former, from the circumstance, that he did not visit the Sasso personally, nor contemplate it otherwise than from a considerable distance. The estimates of the latter approximate nearest to one which has been taken by Orsini after four years' successive observations, and gives to this "great rock of Italy" an elevation of 10,119 feet.

Philosophy.—There will shortly appear at Stuttgart, "Corpus Philosophorum optima nata qui ab Reformatione usque ad Kantii etatem noruerunt." This publication will contain select works of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Hume, Leibnitz, &c. It will be printed in octavo, and a prospectus is preparing.

Our Netherland neighbours are also busily at work on a "Bibliothèque Philosophique," or Philosophical Library ; in which Voltaire's "Pucelle," and Diderot's free and easy novels, will enjoy the distinguished honour of appearing by the side of Dugald Stewart and Reid.

Erlangen, in Bavaria, is about to send into the world her "Organon des Meuschlichen Wissens," or Organ of Human Knowledge ; a publication which, our correspondent writes us, will be a useful medium for philosophical discussions to every enlightened mind, and may therefore be regarded as a mortal blow given to scholastic philosophy ! It will exhibit human nature arrayed in all her power and dignity ; and glorying in her matured conception of first principles ! The author has peculiarly aimed at expressing himself with concision and perspicuity.

Expeditions.—The Krotkey and Helena, Russian ships on a scientific voyage, were at Sydney, New South Wales, early in May, and about to pursue their course.

Anticosti.—It turns out to have been the crew and passengers of a vessel called the *Granicus*, who met with the horrid fate we recently described on the desolate island of Anticosti. Some means have been adopted to prevent the repetition of similar calamities.

Welch Modesty.—Between Caernarvon and Llanberis there is an insignificant bridge of one arch ; the architect of which has placed thereon his profile, with an inscription, informing all passengers that "Harry Parry, the modern Iingo, built this bridge, A.D. 17, &c."

Earthquake.—On the 7th of last month, at three o'clock in the morning, several smart shocks of an earthquake were felt in various parts of the department of the Upper Rhine.

Wounds.—A surgeon at Lausanne has been devoting his attention to simplifying the dressings and ligatures employed in the treatment of wounds ; and has endeavoured to shew that simple rags and water may be advantageously substituted for the lint; bandages of all kinds, and various medicaments at present used for that purpose.

The Gases.—From investigations made into the nature of the gases in the stomach and intestines of human beings in a state of sickness, it has been concluded, first, that in that state only six descriptions of gas are to be met with, viz. oxygen, azote, carbonic acid, hydrogen, proto-carbonated hydrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen ; secondly, that azote is found in much larger quantities in a man who has died of sickness than in a healthy man, the reverse of which in certain cases takes place with respect to carbonic acid ; thirdly, that carbonic gas generally goes on increasing in the digestive canal of a man in a state of sickness, at the temperature of from 11° to 21°, and that it goes on

diminishing at the temperature of from -2° to +5° ; fourthly, that in adult subjects the quantity of hydrogen gas is more considerable at the temperature of from 10° to 16° than at that of from -1° to +6°, while the reverse takes place with respect to old persons in the same circumstances of temperature ; fifthly and lastly, that hydrogen is more abundant in the small intestines than in the stomach and large intestines ; and, consequently, that it does not go on increasing in the latter, as has been hitherto supposed.—*French Paper.*

Canal of the Pyrenees.—A second canal, to connect the two seas between Bayonne and Toulouse, is in contemplation. The probable cost is estimated at 38 millions of francs. It is to be navigable for vessels of 140 tons octave, and a prospectus is preparing.

Russian Amazons.—In a recent official statement of the population of St. Petersburg (estimated on the whole at 422,168 souls) is the following singular item :

Men.	Women.	Total.	
Soldiers and Subalterns	46,076	9,975	56,051

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Most of the Annuals for the ensuing Christmas have not yet sent out what are called *Admiral-boards*, i.e. specimens of their plates on which such as were last year so common in every bookseller's shop throughout the country. In some respects we consider this to be a judicious measure : for these displays not only tended to waste a number of the earliest and best impressions of the writings, but also to do away with the charm of novelty in the volumes themselves, when purchased or presented as tokens of regard.

Transatlantic Annuals.—Besides our own Annuals, the *Atlantic Souvenir*, published at Philadelphia, and the *Token*, published at Boston, may be expected in London. They will, we are informed, be enriched with numerous engravings ; and among the contributors are mentioned some of the most distinguished writers in the United States.

Historical Memoirs of the Church and Court of Rome, from the Establishment of Christianity under Constantine to the present period, is announced by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. St. John's College, Cambridge.—And also, by the same author, the Peculiar Doctrines of the Church of Rome, as contained exclusively in her own Conciliar Decrees and Pontifical Bulls, examined and disproved.

A volume of Sermons, by the Bishop of London, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Jennings is preparing for publication a second volume of the "Topographical, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii," by Sir William Gell ; containing an account of the excavations since the former volume.

We understand that the first volume, forming a new series of the Extractor, under the enlarged title of the Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science, will soon be published.

The first volume of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, in two volumes, will be published on the 1st of October, and consequently will be the first work that Sir Walter will publish for the ensuing season.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, will be completed by the publication of the second volume, of which the first half, comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light, with a copious account of the important and the beautiful phenomena which range under these heads,—is to appear early in October. It will be accompanied by a fourth edition of Vol. I., in which the true nature of the common defect in speech, called stammering, or stammering, is for the first time completely exposed ; and, as a fruit of the discovery, a key, of very easy application, is given, for effectually setting free the imprisoned voice.

The Life of Romney the painter will, we learn, be ready about March next.

The new Juvenal Annual, to be called the *Zoological Juvenal*, treating its zoological topics in a light conversational manner, varied by anecdotes and a share of humorous poetry and description,—is announced. The embellishments are to consist of engravings from drawings by Cruikshanks, Landseer, Baynes, Saunders, &c.

"Another and another" (can we add ?) still succeeds. A Mr. Sheas, who some years since published a poem called *Budekkil* in this country, and afterwards went to America, seems to have become a popular writer at New York, where a volume of poetry is just announced from his pen : a novel is immediately promised ; and an opera of his (composed by M. Cramer) is to be performed at the theatre !

The Annual Gem announces contributions from Lord Nugent — Sir Aubrey de Vere — Hon. Mrs. Norton — Archdeacon Wrangham — Horace Smith — James Kenney — J. Carne — Miss Milford — Don T. de Trubea — J. Montgomery — Dr. Bowring — James Hogg — Mrs. Calcott — C. B. Sheridan — Miss M. A. Browne — the late John Keats — Miss Jewsbury — John Clare — Miss Lawrence —

W. Jordan — Rev. T. Dale — Bernard Barton — Miss C. Bowles — N. T. Carrington — Delta — C. Redding — Sir Teragh O'Brien — T. Marshall — R. Howitt — Rev. W. Shepherd — Mary Howitt — E. Moxon, Esq. — Mrs. Ballmann — W. Howitt — T. K. Hervey — A. Cunningham, &c. The thirteen embellishments are under the direction of A. Cooper, and all from eminent living painters of the British school, and engraved by distinguished artists.

In the Press.—A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candlehoe. In the County of Lincoln.—The second part of the Imperial School Grammar, with the new system of parsing.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilmot Warwick, Vol. II. 8vo. 9s. bds.—The Garden of Surrey, or Sketches of Dorking, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Historical Recollections of Henry Monmouth, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Palmer's Illustrations of Medina, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Bates on Inflammation, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Davies on Greek Versification, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Peterborough's Reports, Vol. II. royal 8vo. II. 11s. 6d. bds.—Pulpit, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Principal Events in the History of Ireland, 18mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.

METEORLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 17	From 37. to 57.	29.59
Friday .. 18	— 48. — 57.	29.20 — 29.18
Saturday .. 19	— 48. — 55.	29.40 — 29.63
Sunday .. 20	— 38. — 62.	29.86 Stationary
Monday .. 21	— 61. — 41.	29.70 to 29.86
Tuesday .. 22	— 37. — 60.	29.80 — 29.63
Wednesday .. 23	— 38. — 66.	29.76 — 29.68

Prevailing winds, N.E. and S.W.

Except the 16th, 18th, and 19th, when it was raining, generally clear ; a heavy shower of rain on the 23d.

Rain fallen, .575 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.
Mr. Adams will, as requested by a Constant Reader at Bath, give in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette* a tabular view of the amount of rain fallen in past years during the months of June, July, August, and September, the period in which so much rain has fallen during the present season ; when our readers will be enabled to form a more correct idea of the excess of the quantity of the present over that of past years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor, &c.
Sir,—I am confident that no one will rejoice more than yourself to find that the serious charge brought in your last No. against the English Universities, with respect to the paucity of instructors, rests entirely on your supposition—it arises from the very different sense in which the word "professor" is applied. At Oxford and Cambridge the term does not apply to so many as one-fourth of those who are engaged in the duty of delivering lectures ; whereas in the other universities mentioned by you, it includes all—indeed, did we adhere to our strict and statutable sense of the word (which is a Dr. in any of the three faculties), not one even of those to whom in common parlance we extend the title, could claim it on the grounds of his office. The following is the amount of our staffs of instructors.
Persons to whom we limit the title of Professor 24
Lecturers appointed by the Senate 21
Lecturers appointed by the Colleges 57

Number of Professors, as they would be termed at Edinburgh and the foreign universities 102

The average number of residents in *statu pupillari* is 1,600 ; so that we have rather more than one Professor to sixteen students, or more than double the proportion of that assigned for Berlin, which was the highest on your list. But this is not all. Besides these permanent officers, there is a body of annual officers, appointed for the purpose of conducting examinations, and we thus have a part of the professorial class who receive these in the joint name of their number, and the share they take, the above proportion would come out about one professor to twelve students. I doubt not but Oxford can give as favourable an account of herself. I leave Edinburgh, which is entirely modelled on the continental system, to settle the matter with you as she can—I am, sir,

Cambridge, Sept. 23d, 1829. A CONSTANT READER.
The Secretary of the present London Phrenological Society assures us, with reference to our *Gazette* of the 5th inst. that it was not established until March 1824 ; and that none of the laws and regulations stated in our paper were ever enacted by them. They were, therefore, we acknowledge, somewhat wiser than their predecessors. Of our own feelings towards the Society, though we think little of the science, the best proof is, that we have cheerfully published their proceedings.

Thanks to K—y for an excellent h—ch, and for his northern letter. Thanks to W. L., Somersethire ; B. W.; W.; W. A.; T—H— ; and other very pleasant correspondents.

* * * The variety and interest, as well as the temporary character, of the articles contained under our head of Arts and Sciences, have of necessity shortened our Review views for this week ;—which we have cause to regret, as several important new works, marking the recommendation of the publishing season, are consequently obliged to be postponed.

The letter to "T." has been duly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

EAST INDIA MONOPOLY.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S Lectures on the Oriental World, and especially on the Evil of the East India Monopoly, continue to be followed in every Town in which they are delivered, with the most unequivocal demonstrations of their powerful effect; and have already led the Society of Associates and others to consider various parts of the Country, for the purpose of organizing a constitutional and effective opposition to any further renewal of the East India Company's exclusive Charter. With a view to bring his Lectures within the means of the Classes 10 to attend, Mr. B. has now had printed a Series of Advertisements, which greatly increase the number of his Audiences; and following out the same principle, he has also reduced the price of his Monthly Journal, the "Oriental Herald," from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per Number, which has been already followed by a largely increased demand for the Work. It may, therefore, safely be presumed, that the Author will find individuals of respectable walks of life, who will not be anxious to make themselves acquainted with its contents. In addition to the latest and best information on all topics connected with the Policy and Commerce of the East and Orient, will be included in these distinct Series of Original and Entertaining Articles, namely, Lectures on Palestine, including an enlarged view of Sacred Criticism, and Scriptural Illustrations in detail—Travels in Egypt, Nubia, and Arabia, and an Account of the splendid Antiquities to be seen on the Banks of the Nile; and a Voyage round the Mediterranean Sea, including a Description of the Harbour of Alexandria; including all the principal Ports between Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. These three Series, which consist of masterly and interesting to the Biblical Reader, the Antiquary, and the lover of Voyages and Travels in distant regions of the Globe, cannot fail to render the Work acceptable to all classes.

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MUSIC.

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